The Saturday News

Vol. IV — EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1909 — No. 19

A View of Wabamun Lake

This picture was taken from White Wood Sands --- One of Edmonton's Summer Resorts.

NOTE AND COMMENT

We gather from the Coast papers that the C. P. R. has made definite arrangements for handling the grain traffic of Alberta at the port of Vancouver. The route that now seems to be the one chosen for next season's grain going West, on its way to England, seems to be via the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and it is prophesied that the greater part of the next Alberta crop will travel by this route. The C. P. R. will be ready to handle the grain.

Mr. F. W. Peters, general freight agent of the C. P. R. has just returned from a tour of inspection of the Tehuantepec R. R. and reports favorably upon the plan of sending grain that way, so it is not unlikely that elevators will be erected at both ends of the railway, Puerta, Mexico on the Atlantic and Salian Cruz on the Pacific.

Mr. Wm Whyte is authority for the statment that sites for terminal elevators at Vancouver were chosen some time ago. Mr. Whyte is intending to spend some time in Vancouver looking after developments. Some prominent Alberta grain men have gone to Vancouver to confer with Mr. Whyte.

The Daily Province says: "The question of freight rates on wheat shipped via Tehuantepec is not a matter of concern as there is a well founded understanding among the railway and steamship traffic men that the various water and railway lines interested in shipments via Tehuantepec will furnish such through rates as will make transportation via that route as cheap, if not cheaper, than by the Horn or the Suez and the Mexican route will have the advantage of more rapid transportation than either of its rivals."

We have always looked forward with great interest to the time when Alberta grain would go West, and it is difficult at this stage to compute the benefits to be derived from the probable change which will mean so much to us. At present it is the object of the farmer and rancher to try and rush out all the produce, grain and cattle in about three months in the Fall. Notes on machinery, farmers' supplies, etc., are all drawn up so as to be due about the same time, thus the bulk of business is crowded into a short period each year.

As the Western route for grain, via Vancouver will be open all the year round for business, there will not be so much need for the farmer to rush his grain to market in the fall, hence there will not be nearly the same likelihood of a car shortage at any period and affairs in Alberta can go on in one steady stream in Alberta instead of in spasmodic jerks. The business men of the country can adapt themselves to new conditions, and by helping the farmer help themselves, for, if the farmer can hold his wheat on a rising market the gain of 5 cents per bushel means $50 per car. As soon as navigation closes on the great lakes the price of grain to the farmer drops several cents, per bushel as all this grain is sold on a future option much of it stored awaiting the opening of navigation east,so is a prepetual loss to farmers in Alberta.

At the present time wheat is soaring and if much of our best wheat, which left the farmers' hands last fall at about 75 cents or less per bushel, was now netting these farmers $1.05, the difference of 30 cents per bushel would mean $300 per car, which money comes to Alberta. Many of the shipping points handle 150 cars a year and the difference between a high price and a low price means a heap to a small community.

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The new grain route in its many far-reaching influences, together with the policy of branch railroads to put the wheat out on the main lines are perhaps the two most important problems it has to consider at the present time, for there is not an individual in this province that would not feel the influence of more money derived from our products. A demand is growing fast, not only for our wheat but also for our oats, and, last but not least, our barley. This latter cereal has so far been neglected but the time is rapidly coming when it will also be a considerable factor in our development.

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We are in receipt this week of a communication from Mrs. M. E. Graham, President of the Lea Park Womens' Institute, which really calls for more than passing comment. We have had many associations framed for the betterment of man, but this, the first organization of its kind in Alberta, embraces both men and women, i.e , the men are evidently going to profit in no slight measure from the work of the women, therefore they should be doubly generous in helping to further this project, and, in taking an interest in the same.

The bill of fare the ladies have arranged for discussion is certainly expansive and practical, so we are in hopes they will further us with some of the results of their deliberations for the use of others in the province. It is to be hoped that the example of the ladies of Lea Park will have the effect of starting other such institutes in different parts of the Provicne.

The Canadian Club

At a luncheon given by the Canadian Club at Dodge's restaurant, on Monday the 19th, Mr. A. J. Dawson, editor of the Standard of Empire, gave a very interesting address relative to his work as editor of the Standard of Empire. Col. E. B Edwards was in the chair and about 70 members were in attendance.

Mr. Dawson put in a strong plea for a better mutual understanding between parts of the Empire, for, he stated, it was entirely in tne outlying parts of the Empire that all pioneering work required to be done. He is not the only Englishman that has noted this though others may not have had quite the same opportunity of bringing it so forcibly forward. Doubtless it is in the centre point, or in the British Isles, that a very weak spot occurs, as regards the solidity of the Empire, which is the want of real knowledge of, and intimate comprehension of, the wants, the individuality and the characteristics of the people who form the component parts of the empire, especially the English-speaking division.

This might be in a manner obviated by more and prominent British people traveling in other parts of the Empire, thus becoming more intimately acquainted with them, not rushing through but dallying awhile. The inhabitant of the isles across the sea can tell us a great deal about what goes on south of him, and as far East as Japan, but as to what is west across the Atlantic he has not heretofore cast his eyes any too much or studied the land, the people or the conditions under which we live.

We hope our Old Country friends will turn over a new leaf with the assistance of the Standard of Empire and others.

"The artists show us Canada as a fair and Junoesque young woman. That is their chivalrous way, and the more honor to them for it. I would be the last to underrate the magnificent work the women of Canada are doing to-day, and have done since Wolfes' day. This would be the last place in which to underrate women's work, and the members of the Canadian Club, the last men to listen to it. All the same, however, when I think of Canada and its great destiny it is of a lusty young man I think, with a keen, clean face, and eyes that never flicker; eyes accustomed to looking out and around across big distances; eyes that see as far into a brick wall as any in the world.

"He has a mighty arm, this young giant, and hope is writ in large letters of light across his brow. He is the Elder Son of the British Empire, and the great new nation he represents strides steadily on from achievement to achievement, with never a hint of dalliance by the way. He has the dignity of a big position and career to maintain, and all his huge strength is needed for the conduct of its work. He is the acknowledged leader among the far-spread kindred states, who hold in muscular young hands the future of the greatest empire the world has ever seen; an emprie, gentlemen, the well-being of which means well-being for the world; disaster for which would mean setting back the clock of history and rivetting shackles about the feet of human progress.'

It is up to us to put this before the Mother Country or help to do so, by assisting in the work, through the Standard of Empire, as a channel or by any feasible means.

It was Mr. Dawson's theme to give the Club some practical idea of how work had progressed with the Standard of Empire, as to how much success had been achieved and what prospects were for the future. As many a journalist will know, who has tried in any particular way to spread news or information, the results detailed by Mr. Dawson are surely phenomenal, taking into consideration the time the enterprise has been running.

Those who have not tried disseminating knowledge, or who have not tried pushing practical advertising, which this scheme in a certain measure consists of, have any idea of the amount of work required to achieve such a result, and we must confess to being deeply impressed with the results.

To Mr. C. Arthur Pearson as the backer and Mr. A. J. Dawson as the originator we are indebted for the amount of reading matter that now is placed before the British public, in a most direct manner straight from the fountain heads of the principal cities and provinces of Canada and other parts of the Empire, not once in a while but every week. The ultimate effect of this is cumulative and will be felt in increasing volume as time goes on, but it takes time for the leaven to sink in.

The greatness of the scheme of creating a central rounding up point for news of the Empire can only be computed when we look about and see that we are not yet, even in Alberta, welded as we might say into one whole, so that each part of the Province understands or is really acquainted with the needs of other parts, but this knowledge is in the process of formation.

In a nutshell there are well over 22,000 words about Canada in an average issue of the Standard of Empire. From this and from each issue come hundreds of inquiries asking for information in regard to certain places. This work also will grow.

In seeking "the arms and the man" Mr. Dawson tells us the following:

"That man is C. Arthur Pearson, and fortunately for my purpose, he controls a huge newspaper organization in London. Here, then, was the big man, and the big organization, both of which were needed. I ventrue to think that, perhaps more than ever before, Mr. Pearson proved his right to the description I have given him, when he took up the idea of the Standard of Empire and gave it practical shape; and I think that for two reasons.

"On the face of it, it was not just a commercial proposition. It demanded more of labor and expenditure to the inch than any purely commercial undertaking. Yet, withal, it was necessary to establish it on a sound and permanent working basis. Once I had the assurance of Mr. Pearson's backing, I was free to come to Canada again, as I did a year ago and claim Canada's co-operation, support, and good will in a project for which Canada was mainly responsible, the end of which was the service of Canada and Greater Britain.

"As I understand the Dominion's kindly and enthusiastic reception of my news last year, it spelt something like this: 'Go right ahead; it's a sound scheme, and you may say I said so. It is high time the Greater Britain which lies oversea had its own journal and its own platform, common to the Mother Country and the whole empire. It is in me—Canada—to lead and feed that great empire, and the scheme that gives it and me an adequate voice has my blessing, and my backing. Go right ahead.'

As Mr. Dawson says this serving the Empire is a big scheme, and only those who look far ahead and do their thinking in long leaps will at present appreciate its entirely.

"I wish I could make you feel as certain of that as I do. But to do that I should want to have you all with me for a time, back there in the office where the Empire newspaper is produced; say, on a press day, when the Empire cables begin to speak, and make one feel that giant's pulse, and the potentialities for ever-lasting unity and endurance that this greatest of all world forces possesses. These messages, gentlemen—I wish they were not quite so costly per word—come in to the Standard of Empire each press day from all the Canadian capitals and all the centres of the empire, covering between them a little matter of 136,860mls. That is just the distance our correspondent's messages cover each press day.

"There are well over 22,000 words about Canada in the average issue of the Standard of Empire. The total since our beginning was a little under a millon words, when I left London, and is now a little more than that; a million words devoted within a year to the work of expounding Canada—its resources, its claims, and its needs to the whole British world."

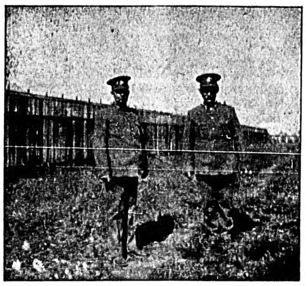
The example set has caused other prominent papers in Scotland aswell as England to give regular space to Canadian affairs. When the British have digested this matter, and as the novelty wears off and the strangeness of it becomes familiarity, then shall we feel the e ect of the work done.

"I asked Mr. Pearson what message I could give from him to our friends in Canada, 'Tell them,' he said, 'that the active men in the motherland, the men of affairs, and the people who do things, are lost in admiration and respect, and full of the most whole-hearted confidence when they contemplate the wonderful forward march of the Dominion of Canada, not only into full nationhood, but into the leading place among the nations which it unquestionably is taking now, and will occupy to the advantage of the whole world and the glory of the British empire. Tell our friends in Canada I said the day draws nearer when not one class, but all classes - government and people, the whole public of Great Britain, will give practical evidence of their recognition of Canada's great claims and equally great resoruces. One sees itdrawing nearer every day; the time of recognition and reciprocation. It comes fully late; yet not too late, I think, because I believe Canada will be patient."

May not it be possible for us to push a little harder from this end, or at any rate keep in mind that the scheme committs us only to the doctrine that a better mutual understanding of each other is the strongest and safest bond that we can cultivate, a bond that is strong yet elastic, a bond that binds us to each other yet does not cramp and should be lasting, for it creates no friction, and must thus ever be the strongest bond in the Empire.

The Canadian Club at Edmonton is to be sincerely congratulated, in that it prevailed upon Mr. Dawson to expound this doctrine in Edmonton, and then go back across the ocean carrying the spirit with him.

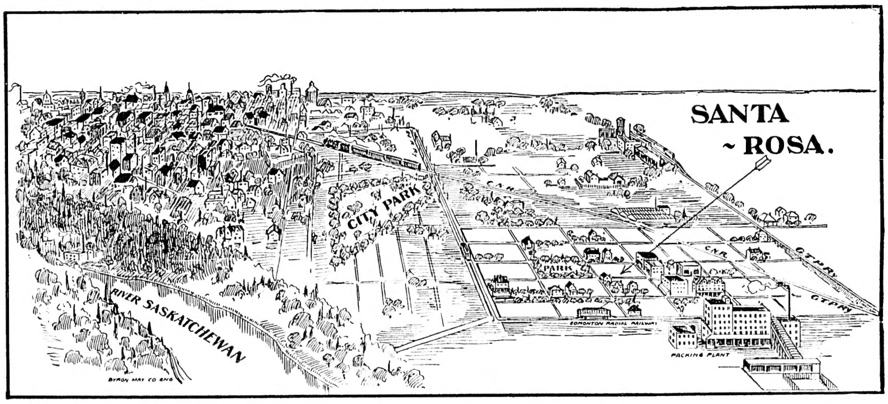
E.N.B.



Late Deputy Warden Steadman — Warden McCauley

Richard Henry De Weal Steadman was born on May 23rd, 1848 at Haslemere, Surrey, England. He was the second son of William Steadman, M.D.M. R.C.S., of Havant, Hampshire, England. He was educated at the Manor House, Havant, and at Epson College, Surrey, England. He came to Canada in 1869 and was for some time connected with the Toronto Mail as reporter. He was sent by the Dominion Government to Albany Penitentiary for six months training and was then appointed first deputy warden of Central Prison, Toronto, with Captain Prince, where he remained for three years. His next appointment was deputy warden of the Reformatory School, Penetanguishene, which position he held for 25 years, coming to Edmonton from there in July 1906.

The deceased leaves a widow and two sons to mourn his loss, Tom in Lacombe, and Jack, a member of the R.N.W.M.P.; also a sister and a brother, Mrs. J. C. Constable, Sefton Place, Arundel, Sussex, England, and T. Hatchard Steadman, of Macleod, Alta.



This is the sub-division I have been trying to get you interested in. I am sure it will be a winner. I still have a few lots for sale at $200---$25 cash and the balance at $10 per month. Why not buy before it is too late?

PHONE 1528. **B. F. BLACKBURN, Owner's Agent, 622 First Street, Edmonton**

Home and Society.

Continued from page 5

And worthy associate of such a genius, who will not look back on Miss Louie Bacshe and her playing, with a delight that must ever grow greater and greater as the years go by. Pianists, to be quite candid, more often bore than please, for there is something about piano-playing that lends itself to being mechanical. But enterpreted with soul, what instrument so lends itself to the riot of human emotions? I have heard many artists in my day but I can safely state none who were worthy to hold a candle to this girl, whose name up until Friday evening was utterly unknown to me. Her solos and accompaniment were alike perfect a very revelation of the possibilities of the king of instruments.

Among an exceptionally fine audience I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland. Mrs. Horace Harvey and her son, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison and Mrs. Mays, Dr. and Mrs. Harwood, Mrs. Slocock, Miss Wheat and Mr. Ross Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hyndman, Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth, Dr. and Mrs. Cobbett and the Miss Cobbett, Mr. and Mrs. Henwood and Mrs. Benson of Wetaskiwin, Dr. Wells, Dr. and Mrs. Revell, the Misses Webster, Miss Jean Forsythe. Dr. and Mrs. Blais, Mr. and Mrs. John McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. F. Jackson, Dr. and Mrs. McLean. Mrs. Duncan Marshall and Miss McIsaacs, and others too numerous to mention.

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

Miss Winifred McDonald of Winnipeg has been the guest, for the past few days, of Mrs. J. J. Anderson. Last week Mrs. J. D. Hyndman had a jolly Bridge in her honor when a number of the younger set were the fortunate invitees.

I saw Mrs. Norquay on the street one day this week, so presume she is in Edmonton visiting her father.

Senator Roy is expected home from his trip abroad this week.

Miss Madalene Graves' marriage to Mr. Hector Landry has been set for June 8th, and will be a very quiet affair, no invitations being issued. The honeymoon will include a visit to New Brunswick to Mr. Landry's parental home, and also a week or more at the Seattle Fair.

On their return to town they will take up their residence on Fifth street where Mr. Landry has provided a charming little home for his bride-to-be.

Mrs. Ewing is on a visit to Calgary and will probably be away for two weeks or more.

This Friday, April 16th, Mrs. Harwood and Mrs. Osborne are giving a Bridge and dance at Mrs. Harwood's residence, Victoria Ave., to raise funds for their booth at the Hospital Fair.

Miss Henderson of Sixth street was the hostess of a very pretty and merry Bal Poudre on Thursday evening.

As will be seen there has been quite a preceptible flutter in social circles during the past few days, and rumors of Bridges and teas and affairs galore are beginning to cause a ripple of interest. Even so early there is already talk of flittings to summer homes, and if half the people carry out their intentions, Edmonton will be rather deserted during the warm months.

There seems to be a vast amount of interest being taken in tennis this season, and judging from stray gossip it will be the game of games for many.

Mr. and Mrs. Lister have moved from Thirteenth street to just below the hill on Fifth street

Miss Constance Rhodes' marriage to Mr. Wm. Lyons will take place on April 21st, being celebrated very quietly in the morning in time for them to take the early C. P. R. train to the coast. On their return to town Mr. Lyons and his bride will reside on Third street.

Mrs. Mercer will hold her first post-nuptial reception on Friday, April 23rd, and has taken the first and second Tuesdays of the month as her regular reception days in future.

Peggy

Have you used the Holland Linen stationery? It is a high grade paper, but Littles are selling it for a few days at two quires for 25c.

The Westminster Church Young Ladies' Circle which have been training under Miss Bellamy's direction for their concert, April 20th, are completing their work with Miss Hicks of Alberta College, owing to Miss Bellamy's recent illness. Solos, readings, drills, and a comedietta, "The Parliament of Servants" will be presented by the young ladies, who have been studying hard during the winter months to make this a success. The programme commences promptly at eight o'clock.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

POPULAR STOCK COMPANY AGAIN THIS SUMMER.

Another important announcement is the coming of Mr. Theodore Lorch and his excellent company, who have been secured by Mr. Lee Brandon for his summer season at the Edmonton Opera House, starting Thursday, April 22nd, following the Roberts engagement. Mr. Lorch is bringing a first class company and will produce some of the best successes at the popular summer prices. The opening play "The Lieutenant and the Cowboy," is the one in which Mr. Lorch has just toured the States with, and a full scenic equipment is promised. Mr. Brandon assures us that the company is even better than the one he had in the Dominion last summer

Long experience amid favorable surroundings, together with that natural ability without which no great artistic accomplishment is possible, has made of Florence Roberts a distinguished figure among American stage celebrities. Miss Roberts, who will appear at the Edmonton Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20 and 21 as "Lady Joan" in "The House of Bondage," was born in New York, but was taken to the Pacific Coast when a mere child It was in San Francisco that she made her stage debut, then in her seventeenth year, in the support of Lewis Morrison, to whom she was afterwards married Later she supported William Gillette, Otis Skinner and Julia Marlowe, and then returned to her husband's company in the role of "Marguerite" in "Faust." Later she was chosen to head the Alcazar company in San Francisco, where she enacted a range of roles from Shakespeare to Charles Hoyt and always with superior artistry. She toured the country with Melbourne MacDowell in the Sardou repertoire, starred in "Zaza," "Du Barry," in "Tess of the D'Urbevilles," in "'Marta of the Lowlands," and in "Ann La Mont," in which she was ably supported by Max Figman. "The Strength of the Weak" was her next offering, followed by a season in which she alternately produced "The Struggle Everlasting," "Sham" and "Zira." It was in "The Strength of the Weak" that Miss Roberts first appeared as a New York star and it firmly established her as a metropolitan favorite. Therefore unknown, she won the praise of every newspaper in Gotham and her business doubled and trebled during the engagement. Despite her numerous successful impersonations, Miss Roberts declares that she has had nothing that suited her so well as her present role in "The House of Bondage."

How's the bill of fare at the Empire? I heard one man ask of another, and after sitting through the program one doesn't wonder at the slang phrase—truly a bill of fare with a full course of "hash"—a bit of everything, dainty tit-bits and scraps, spicy maidens and stale jokes, which take on as a whole is palatable enough for the man whose vaudeville digestion hasn't over-spoiled by over-feeding. Reno and Azora comedy acrobats have their work down well, Azora particularly being in good shape.

Who talks of war with Germany when Anglo-Saxons good naturedly endure worn-out stunts of "German comedians?" We wonder if Kolba and Millar and "Woman's Defence" are put on as Dolan's opportunity to crack jokes. Dolan at least has some virtue of originality and deserves credit as a "stepper."

The Salome contortions of the Masqueria Sisters show fine form and much white wear, so much so that the bald headed row doesn't care if they can't sing, and the picture effects thrown on by the kinestoscope turn a packing box stage into funny land and high kicking ballet girls to the beautiful maidens of our youthful dramas.

The Davises as crack shots certainly deserve the applause which greets their performance. Their trapeze trigger work making a great 'hit" with the audience.

Why is it we wonder that all illustrated songs have the same maudlin tune, "so the audience can join in the chorus," one manager explained – a bit tough on the audience though.

One thing with another, the Empire is putting on a fair evening's entertainment, and its amusement were after when we go to a vaudeville show.

All in all the pretty little theatre is nightly delighting packed houses and may be fairly said to have caught the fancy of the Edmonton public.

Empire Theatre Orchestra

Director and Violinist, Thomas Irving
Pianist, M. D. Silas (Heavy on Rag Time)

LATEST AND BEST MUSIC FOR

DANCES, RECEPTIONS, ETC.

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Our Two-steps are invigorating.
Our Waltzes are dreams.

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Its Expensive in more ways than one

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Smart Styles, Graceful Lines, Clever Trimmings, Unrivalled Fit, and entire satisfaction will be found both in our High-Class Tailored Suits and Fancy Dresses.

THE ACME CO., Ltd.,

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IN FRENCH STYLE

Puro Brand Olive Oil

Is away ahead of anything else you can use. Only a very small quantity is required, and it does not burn or become rancid as animal fats do. Besides it can be used in so many fancy cooked dishes, that no other fat can be used in. . . . . . .

Always get Puro Brand Olive Oil for best results.

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F. W. RICHARDSON

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RED WHITE PINK

No. 1, Long stem per. dozen - - - $1.50
No. 2, Good Flowers but shorter stem - $1.00

If not convenient to come to the greenhouse phone your order. You can rely on us to give you a good selection.

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Automobile Goggles

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Prices from $2.00 to $6.00

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NAPTHA CAMPHOR FLAKES

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against the ravages of the Household Moth that causes so much distruction every season.

SISSONS' DRUG STORE

Phone 1717 WIZE BLOCK 544 Jasper W.

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The Canadian Club

At a luncheon given by the Canadian Club at Dodge's restaurant, on Monday the 19th, Mr. A. J. Dawson, editor of the Standard of Empire, gave a very interesting address relative to his work as editor of the Standard of Empire. Col. E. B Edwards was in the chair and about 70 members were in attendance.

Mr. Dawson put in a strong plea for a better mutual understanding between parts of the Empire, for, he stated, it was entirely in the outlying parts of the Empire that all pioneering work required to be done. He is not the only Englishman that has noted this though others may not have had quite the same opportunity of bringing it so forcibly forward. Doubtless it is in the centre point, or in the British Isles, that a very weak spot occurs, as regards the solidity of the Empire, which is the want of real knowledge of, and intimate comprehension of, the wants, the individuality and the characteristics of the people who form the component parts of the empire, especially the English-speaking division.

This might be in a manner obviated by more and prominent British people travelling in other parts of the Empire, thus becoming more intimately acquainted with them, not rushing through but dallying awhile. The inhabitant of the isles across the sea can tell us a great deal about what goes on south of him, and as far East as Japan, but as to what is west across the Atlantic he has not heretofore cast his eyes any too much or studied the land, the people or the conditions under which we live.

We hope our Old Country friends will turn over a new leaf with the assistance of the Standard of Empire and others.

"The artists show us Canada as a fair and Junoesque young woman. That is their chivalrous way; and the more honor to them for it. I would be the last to underrate the magnificent work the women of Canada are doing to-day, and have done since Wolfes' day. This would be the last place in which to underrate women's work, and the members of the Canadian Club, the last men to listen to it. All the same, however, when I think of Canada and its great destiny it is of a lusty young man I think, with a keen, clean face, and eyes that never flicker; eyes accustomed to looking out and around across big distances; eyes that see as far into a brick wall as any in the world.

"He has a mighty arm, this young giant, and hope is writ in large letters of light across his brow. He is the Elder Son of the British Empire, and the great new nation he represents strides steadily on from achievement to achievement, with never a hint of dalliance by the way. He has the dignity of a big position and career to maintain, and all his huge strength is needed for the conduct of its work. He is the acknowledged leader among the far-spread kindred states, who hold in muscular young hands the future of the greatest empire the world has ever seen; an empric, gentlemen, the well-being of which means well-being for the world; disaster for which would mean setting back the clock of history and rivetting shackles about the feet of human progress.'

It is up to us to put this before the Mother Country or help to do so, by assisting in the work, through the Standard of Empire, as a channel or by any feasible means.

It was Mr. Dawson's theme to give the Club some practical idea of how work had progressed with the Standard of Empire, as to how much success had been achieved and what prospects were for the future. As many a journalist will know, who has tried in any particular way to spread news or information, the results detailed by Mr. Dawson are surely phenomenal, taking into consideration the time the enterprise has been running.

Those who have not tried disseminating knowledge, or who have not tried pushing practical advertising, which this scheme in a certain measure consists of, have any idea of the amount of work required to achieve such a result, and we must confess to being deeply impressed with the results.

To Mr. C. Arthur Pearson as the backer and Mr. A. J. Dawson as the originator we are indebted for the amount of reading matter that now is placed before the British public, in a most direct manner straight from the fountain heads of the principal cities and provinces of Canada and other parts of the Empire, not once in a while but every week. The ultimate effect of this is cumulative and will be felt in increasing volume as time goes on, but it takes time for the leaven to sink in.

The greatness of the scheme of creating a central rounding up point for news of the Empire can only be computed when we look about and see that we are not yet, even in Alberta, welded as we might say into one whole, so that each part of the Province understands or is really acquainted with the needs of other parts, but this knowledge is in the process of formation.

In a nutshell there are well over 22,000 words about Canada in an average issue of the Standard of Empire. From this and from each issue come hundreds of inquiries asking for information in regard to certain places. This work also will grow.

In seeking "the arms and the man" Mr. Dawson tells us the following:

"That man is C. Arthur Pearson, and fortunately for my purpose, he controls a huge newspaper organization in London. Here, then, was the big man, and the big organization, both of which were needed. I venture to think that, perhaps more than ever before, Mr. Pearson proved his right to the description I have given him, when he took up the idea of the Standard of Empire and gave it practical shape; and I think that for two reasons.

"On the face of it, it was not just a commercial proposition. It demanded more of labor and expenditure to the inch than any purely commercial undertaking. Yet, withal, it was necessary to establish it on a sound and permanent working basis. Once I had the assurance of Mr. Pearson's backing, I was free to come to Canada again, as I did a year ago and claim Canada's co-operation, support, and good will in a project for which Canada was mainly responsible, the end of which was the service of Canada and Greater Britain.

"As I understand the Dominion's kindly and enthusiastic reception of my news last year, it spelt something like this: 'Go right ahead; it's a sound scheme, and you may say I said so. It is high time the Greater Britain which lies oversea had its own journal and its own platform, common to the Mother Country and the whole empire. It is in me—Canada—to lead and feed that great empire, and the scheme that gives it me an adequate voice has my blessing, and my backing. Go right ahead.'

As Mr. Dawson says this serving the Empire is a big scheme, and only those who look far ahead and do their thinking in long leaps will at present appreciate its entirely.

"I wish I could make you feel as certain of that as I do. But to do that I should want to have you all with me for a time, back there in the office where the Empire newspaper is produced; say, on a press day, when the Empire cables begin to speak, and make one feel that giant's pulse, and the potentialities for ever-lasting unity and endurance that this greatest of all world forces possesses. These messages, gentlemen—I wish they were not quite so costly per word—come in to the Standard of Empire each press day from all the Canadian capitals and all the centres of the empire, covering between them a little matter of 136,860mls. That is just the distance our correspondent's messages cover each press day.

"There are well over 22,000 words about Canada in the average issue of the Standard of Empire. The total since our beginning was a little under a millon words, when I left London, and is now a little more than that; a million words devoted within a year to the work of expounding Canada—its resources, its claims, and its needs to the whole British world."

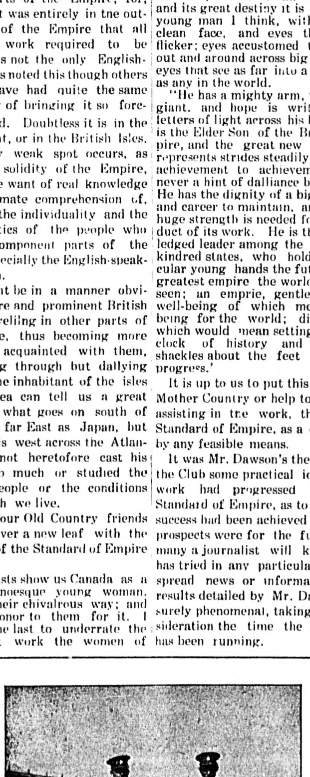
The example set has caused other prominent papers in Scotland aswell as England to give regular space to Canadian affairs. When the British have digested this matter, and as the novelty wears off and the strangeness of it becomes familiarity, then shall we feel the e ect of the work done.

"I asked Mr. Pearson what message I could give from him to our friends in Canada, 'Tell them,' he said, 'that the active men in the motherland, the men of affairs, and the people who do things, are lost in admiration and respect, and full of the most whole-hearted confidence when they contemplate the wonderful forward march of the Dominion of Canada, not only into full nationhood, but into the leading place among the nations which it unquestionably is taking now, and will occupy to the advantage of the whole world and the glory of the British empire. Tell our friends in Canada I said the day draws nearer when not one class, but all classes- government and people, the whole public of Great Britain, will give practical evidence of their recognition of Canada's great claims and equally great resources. One sees it drawing nearer every day; the time of recognition and reciprocation. It comes fully late; yet not too late, I think, because I believe Canada will be patient."

May not it be possible for us to push a little harder from this end, or at any rate keep in mind that the scheme committs us only to the doctrine that a better mutual understanding of each other is the strongest and safest bond that we can cultivate, a bond that is strong yet elastic, a bond that binds us to each other yet does not cramp and should be lasting, for it creates no friction, and must thus ever be the strongest bond in the Empire.

The Canadian Club at Edmonton is to be sincerely congratulated, in that it prevailed upon Mr. Dawson to expound this doctrine in Edmonton, and then go back across the ocean carrying the spirit with him.

E.N.B.



Late Deputy Warden Steadman Warden McCauley

Richard Henry De Weal Steadman was born on May 23rd, 1848 at Haslemere, Surrey, England. He was the second son of William Steadman, M.D.M.R.C.S., of Havant, Hampshire, England. He was educated at the Manor House, Havant, and at Epson College, Surrey, England. He came to Canada in 1869 and was for some time connected with the Toronto Mail as reporter. He was sent by the Dominion Government to Albany Penitentiary for six months training and was then appointed first deputy warden of Central Prison, Toronto, with Captain Prince, where he remained for three years. His next appointment was deputy warden of the Reformatory School, Penetanguishene, which position he held for 25 years, coming to Edmonton from there in July 1906.

The deceased leaves a widow and two sons to mourn his loss, Tom in Lacombe, and Jack, a member of the R.N.W.M.P.; also a sister and a brother, Mrs. J. C. Constable, Sefton Place, Arundel, Sussex, England, and T. Hatchard Steadman, of Macleod, Alta.

The Saturday News

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FACT ONE

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Poor is the man that seeds his fallow soil
With heavy over-yields of grain and grass,
And never rests a moment in his toil
To smile upon the abundance that he has.

But rich is he, that having naught of gold,
Nor roods of tilth, nor power nor priceless gem,
Yet has the man—if his the gift to hold
A happy heart that never covets them!

—Aloysius Coll.

—

We are curious people, perfectly willing to acknowledge the fact when good advice is given to us, but, with the perversity of humanity, or perhaps its incapacity we are unable to use this advice. Most of us were brought up on Bible history, and even, when very young, willing to grasp and admire the parable of the man who heaped up riches and fortified himself, then lay down to rest satisfied that he had all that was necessary, and that he was in future safe in every respect upon the earth. But, the result! One higher than he spoke saying, "Thou fool this night shall thy soul be required of thee."

—

We, of this generation, however, have a hard time trying to enjoy ourselves, even a little at a time, because the god of North America is "business."

—

"You press the button we do the rest," has received a severe shock and to save ourselves we have to perform the crab-like motion of running backwards. The Children Act came into force in Great Britain April 12th.

"Tobacconists are forbidden to sell tobacco in any form to any person apparently under the age of 16, whether it is for his use or not. The penalty for such a sale may be $10 for the first offence, $25 for the second and $50 for the third.

"Automatic machines for the sale of cigarettes formed an obvious difficulty. To suppress them entirely was considered too harsh and arbitrary, so it is provided that 'if on complaint to a court of summary jurisdiction it is proved that any automatic machine for the sale of cigarettes' is being extensively used by children or young persons' the court may order those responsible either to take precautions to abate the evil or to remove the machine altogether."

And if you want a pot of beer you cannot send a kiddy for it, but, as the old lady said in "Misadventures at Margate" in the Ingoldsby Legends, "You may fetch your beer yourself."

—

The mosquito season is arriving and the problem still confronts us of how to down the wily mosquito. Many are the remedies prescribed, much has been said about getting rid of him, or rather her, for its only the feminine mosquito that bites us, our lady friends in this case being scored off by their own sex and mere man bitten as usual.

One prescription is on file that mitigates the irritation but the Moral Reform League is down on it. You have most of you heard this Missouri remedy but it may bear repeating, though we ourselves do not care to indulge in very hot weather. It is thus: "A New Yorker went to visit a friend, an old Southern colonel, at his place in Missouri. The windows were not protected with screens so the mosquitoes were promiscuous. The Northerner obtained very little sleep his first night, and, when the colored man servant came to look after him in the morning, he enquired why the colonel did not put fly screens in the windows. The man servant explains it thusly: "It's just dis-a-way, sah, when der kernel he go to bed he so 'toxicated the skeeters doan bodder him. When the kernel he wake in der mornin' the skeeters is so 'toxicated dey doan bodder de kernel."

—

Missouri is the only state in the Union where they raise "horgs" purely for speed. For why ask the darkies.

—

The Lounger is not dead or dying, but he has run across an epittaph that might suit him, when the time comes, so he has laid it by for future use:

"He loved to be where summer lay,
His roof a cloud, a bough;
There stretched full length, to dream all day,
It is so with him now."
—Zona Gale.

—

A bishop was once led into a controversy with a learned man as to the mental superiority of the East over the West, and his opponent, as a parting shot, said,: "Well, at any rate, you can't dispute that the wise men came from the East." "Surely that was the wisest thing they could do," retorted the bishop.

Oddments

By a Vagabond.

AS IT MAY BE IN 1925.

Suggested by reading Hamlin Garland's, "The shadow World."

Said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith
(They strolled beside the ocean):
"Why do you move your arms about
With that peculiar motion?"

Said Mrs. Smith: "I now employ
A mediumistic measure,
And leave my OTHER SELF to drudge
When I go out for pleasure.

I'm making these synchronal moves
Express my urgent wishes
Unto my astral self at home,
To help her WASH THE DISHES."
—A. G. Davies.

—

In dreams and in the silent hours of the night, and again, when the subjective mind is reeling off its collected wisdom in the early hours of the morn, before we arise, we have pictured that something of this sort might come or must come about and it has arrived.

"That they are physically and morally fit to wed is what prospective brides and bridegrooms in the state of Washington will have to show by a physician's certificate and affidavit after June 1 before any county auditor can issue marriage licenses. The new by law also provides that women must be of legal age, fixed at 18 years, and men 21 years; also that the parent cannot give consent unless the girl is more than 15 years of age. The penalty for giving false information or performing such marriage is a fine of not more than $1,000 or imprisonment in the state penitentiary for not more than three years or both. It is also provided that no woman under 45 years of age or man of that age (except he marry a woman more than 45 years), either of whom is a common drunkard, habitual drunkard, epeleptic, feeble-minded, idiot or insane person or formerly afflcited with pulmonary tuberculosis or any contagious disease, shall intermarry or marry any other person within the state."—Calgary Herald.

—

Of what use is the study of the influence of environment and the influence of heredity upon species if we do not put it to some practical use. Because a thing may be simply common sense it need not necessarily prove that its irreligious.

—

"First through Steinitz and now through Lasker the Jewish race has held the championship of chess almost without interruption for a generation, and in calling attention to this fact the British Medical Journal has suggested that the ancient game is peculiarly suited to the genius of a race which has acquired the qualities of patience, stubbornness and deliberation. The explanation is ingenious, but it is not so simple as that the winning of the championship by Jews for thirty years is merely the result of coincidence, according to a correspondent of the same paper. According to still another hypothesis, it is not so plausible as the explanation that as a race the Jews are 'non-visuals.'

The term needs elucidation One of the great British authorities on nerve and nerve sensation roughly divides people into 'visuals' and 'non-visuals.' The first are they who, whenever they think of any object—a room, a person, a landscape, a moated grange—see the object in their mind's eye. The absolute 'non-visauls' are those who do not picture an absent object, but think of it merely as an abstraction. Such people are rare, but the degrees of 'non-visualization' are many, and, in a large number of instances, people have little power of picturing a person or an object unless it is directly in front of them. It is due to some defect of the brain's memory cells. Thus some people and many scientific men can play chess well because the game is spread out in front of them, but are quite incapable of playing well a game like bridge whist. A more scientific instance of the theory occurs in mathematics, where there are some men who are great abstract mathematicians and some who are geometers yet find always a difficutly in dealing with problems of abstract mathematics. It is always asserted, and some authorities believe the assertion well founded, that, altho' the Jewish race has produced many fine geometers, it has not been fruitful in exponents of abstract mathematics. It is not necessary to discuss which kind of mathematics demands the higher powers of pure reasoning, altho it is believed that this attribute rests with the abstract mathematicians; but it is evident that the ability which makes a good geometer should also, if the reasoning be sound so far, make a good chess player."—Current Literature.

Intelligent Apes

The performance of "Consul," the chimpanzee now being exhibited at the London Hippodrome, is probably the most remarkable in the history of trained animals. The variety and the intricacy of the ape's series of gestures and actions are as astonishing as their uncanny likeness to the actions of a human being. He goes straight through his "turn" with the utmost readiness, almost without a hint or a reminder of what he is to do. He comes running in dressed in ordinary man's clothes, and hangs up first his hat and then his overcoat on pegs on a stand. Then he proceeds to have lunch. He is lifted into a chair by his valet, a napkin is handed to him, and he tucks it round his neck. Then he touches the electric bell at his side, and looks round with an air of polite boredom for the waiter. The waiter brings him a plate of carrot, which he eats using a knife and fork—mostly, with rather bad manners, the knife. At intervals, while eating, he drinks out of a wine glass; he pours his claret and water out of the bottle with his left hand. Having finished the carrots and claret, he touches the bell again, and the waiter brings a teapot, a cup, milk, and sugar. He pours out a cup of tea, adds milk and sugar, and then tastes the tea with a spoon two or three times; then, finding it as he likes it, he drinks it off rather quickly so as to get the sugar at the bottom of the cup. Then he rings the bell again and looks round for a cigarette. The cigarette, in a holder, is brought with a box of matches; he puts the cigarette-holder in his mouth, strikes a match, lights the cigarette, takes it out of his mouth between his fingers, blows out the match, replaces the cigarette, and turns round in his chair, throwing his arm over the chair-back with the contented indolence of a smoker at peace with the world. After a little he decides to go to bed, and undresses himself carefully, taking off coat, waistcoat, trousers, and shirt (the shirt is the uncanniest of all); he is then left with his boots, which he unlaces and pulls off. Before going to bed he washes at a basin, slushes his head and neck, dries his face with a towel, brushes his teeth, and is ready for the night. He blows out the candle; then it is time to get up again. He gets up, goes through a few physical exercises, dresses, and rides off the stage on a tricycle, himself leading the applause by clapping his hands as he rides out.

How has he been trained to do it all? you ask; and you are told that "Consul" has never, in the ordinary sense, been trained at all. He has simply lived with a family of human beings since he was nine years old, and he just does what he has seen those around him do. He always sleeps in his own bed, like a human child. He has a bath every morning, and, also like a child, he hates coming out of the water. He dresses himself; he even mends his own underclothes, threading his own needle; he can also use a sewing-machine. He sits up for breakfast, and eats anything that is going—an egg, perhaps. He began to smoke when he was about two years old; he is now seven, and he smokes twenty-four cigarettes in a day. He has tea and coffee for breakfast; for lunch he generally has claret and water, or drinks made from fruits. But he will also finish a bottle of Bass; and his rule is a little whisky before going to bed. He has learnt to write his own name; though it is rather a slow business; it takes him nearly a minute. But he writes extremely carefully, and always forms his letters in precisely the same way. He invariably makes an "o," for instance, as if the bottom half of the letter were a "v," like a boy's kite. This accomplishment enables him to sign his own cheques; and the manager of the bank where he has his account says that his signature is far more regular and uniform than that of most of his human customers. But signing cheques is as far as he gets in writing. He cannot write with a tpyewriter; he manages the machine and the paper all right, but he fills his page with letters jotted down anyhow. Still, he has learnt the six keys that make his name, and when he has filled his page he never takes the paper from the machine until he has signed "CONSUL" in capital letters in the right-hand bottom corner. As to his general disposition, he is a very good-tempered ape. He has always been very affectionate, and likes to have notice taken of him. But he does not like children very much; he is a little jealous of them, though if nobody takes any notice of the children, he tolerates them. He is sometimes fractious, like a child; he has never bitten his manager, Mr. Hilliard, nor his valet, but he did once bite his valet's wife—not severely. It is fortunate, perhaps, that his temper is as good as it is, for his owner reckons that, although he is a comparatively small ape, he has the strength of two men. To strangers he is quite polite and friendly; "he likes you to take notice of him," you are told, "and would kiss you if you asked him, just as he kisses his valet when he goes to bed. But if you showed him that you disliked him, he would be

(Continued on page 7)

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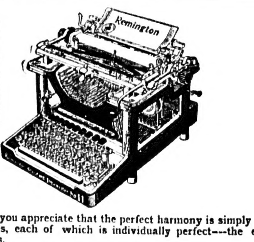

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In Edward W. Thomson's recently published book, "When Lincoln Died and Other Poems," occurs a story in verse, founded on an actual incident entitled "Chief Nepoquan's Lament." I publish it in to. for reasons you will presently gather.

CHEIF NEPOQUANS' LAMENT.
(Salteaux-Cree).

The Judge doomed me—"At Friday noon—hanged by the neck till dead;"
But can he catch the diving loon or hang the spirit fled.

When young I thought the white man just, a white Chief's heart most wise;
It was where snow lay dry as dust beneath the far north skies.
The way was hungry, cold, and long, yet we could hunt no more,
Since madness came on one so strong he must be held by four:
Three days with him we camped in fast, his blood we would not shed,

It seemed the fiend in him would last until we all were dead.
John Franklin's doctor was our chief; when sure the man was mad
He shot him for his men's relief, but first he spoke full sad,
"My men, this man your Chief must kill, though hard the duty be;
Let God and ye judge if I spill the blood in cruelty"
It is long seventy years since then, for I am wondrous old,
My wrinkled fingers tr mble when they draw the noose they hold.
Yet shall they twist it till I choke—and may my blood be strong
Upon the red-coat Judge who spoke what crazed my heart with wrong.
I told him truth;—the squaw she craved no more of drink or meat
After her first-born died, she raved forever on her feet
Till down she fell; there dead she lay till dark came on with snow;
Then rose the Shape to stalk away, because a Wendigo
Had entered in the corpse to take it far within the Wood
And used the woman Form to slake its endless thirst for blood.
Stealing on Man and Beast alike, scaring afar the game
In terror lest the Demon strike which bears the dreaded name.

They seized the Thing; they knew our law: it says "A hunting band
Shall bring the crazy Brave or Squaw beneath the Chief's own hand."

The band was small, its wigwams three, the Spring began to stir,
It was the moon when wild things be clad in their richest fur;
The Brave who leaves his traps that moon leaves there his chance to thrive,
Yet did those law-abiders soon tie down that Shape alive
To sled it over forest floor, and over rocky hills,
And drag it to ny wigwam door, that I might end their ills.
To me they spoke—"Our past is done—we marched in fear five days;
You are our Chief, the chosen one to set the noose that slays."

The Squaw had been my daughter's child, it seemed a passing breeze
Since she a round-eyed babbler smiled in play about my knees.

To hear the Demon howl her tones my heart of hearts was sore,
At times I hoped that in the moans herself came back once more.
I wrought for her three days; I laid good medicine all about
To make the Wendigo afraid, and fright that Devil out:
And oftentimes she lay as dead, and often rose my hope
That from her Shape the fiend had fled, to shun the stranger's rope.

My Band had twenty-eight to feed, our hunters were but five
To chase the deer, that none might need of meat to keep alive;
Yet three by night and two by day must watch the sleeping squaw,
Whose form the fiend would steal away—such is the Salteaux law;
Our meat was gone the second night, no man could hunting go,
And, when my people starved, their fright grew wild with hunger's woe.

"We starve, we die, O Chief!" they cried, "unless the Thing shall choke;"
So round its neck the noose I plied within my wigwam smoke,
Of that the Stranglers' eyes saw naught while outside ends they drew;
I fled before they pulled them taut so none had blood to rue.
Yet day or night I found no rest, for when I fell asleep
The round-eyed babbler's fingers prest my eyes to wake and sleep.
The talk about my justice went so far the red-coat band
Sledged for a moon, and reached my tent, and brought me where I stand.

The red-coat Judge spoke: "Friday noon: hanged by the neck till dead;"
But can he catch the diving loon or seize the spirit fled?

I've seen the Salteaux babes grow gray since first my years were old,
My wrinkled fingers shake and sway to draw the noose they held,
Yet do they work the Salteaux rule, I die by Salteaux thong,
And here defy the judging fool who crazed my heart with wrong.

—

During the past week this city in particular, but indeed the entire country, has been horrified by the diabolical murder of Deputy-Warden Steadman at the Provincial penitentiary The murder was committed in cold blood by a life prisoner, one Barrett, in for the murder of his step-son, who gave his life to protect his mother from her common-law husband.

At the trial following Barrett was condemned to be hanged which was as it should be, the Judge having a due regard for the law of the land which demands a life for a life. Before, however, the sentence was carried out, comes upon the scene a pardon. Again as it should be, and if the preacher had been content to fulfil his particular mission in life, an urging to repentance with consoaltion for the condemned, no one but would concur that he had done a righteous and a godly deed. Instead however of letting well enough alone about this time, when he had persuaded the murderer to tell him his story, it struck him that there were extenuating circumstances, and what does this officious, but well-meaning man do but circulate a petition, asking that the sentence be changed to life imprisonment. Is there necessity to add that everybody signed, everybody always does sign, particularly when a parson circulates the petition, and Barrett, the murderer, instead of expiating his crime on the scaffold, as is the law of the land, was sent up to Edmonton to cumber the earth for the rest of his days, and with another opportunity to again take life.

It would be interesting to hear what the Rev. gentleman's feelings were when he learned that indirectly due to his act of interference, this devilish brute of a slayer of innocent men, had claimed another victim. Had the law in the first instance been allowed to take its course Deputy Warden Steadman would at the present moment be going about his daily duties, instead of lying cold in death, his life a forfeit to a low-down brute with a lust for blood.

(Continued on page 5)

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The Hospital Situation

Editor Saturday News.

Sir,—I have waited to see if the misleading editorial statements in the Bulletin, April 7, would be corrected voluntarily. "Any notion that we might shuffle off the cost of it onto the university and through this onto the Province may as well be dropped. Edmonton is not in beggary yet, and it has no more claim on the Provincial funds for such purpose than any other city in the province." It is hard to discuss such transparent misstatements with patience. There is only one university in Alberta. It is at Edmonton's door. It is the institution in which our educational system must be rounded out and developed to meet the needs of higher education as they arise, exercising wise foresight by making the most of opportunities as they present themselves, and preparing to meet actual demands squarely. Sooner or later some new centre of medical education must be located somewhere between Winnipeg and Tokio. Edmonton is most happily circumstanced to be that centre. Medical education is carried on in connection with a hospital. By these facts the provincial Government is abundantly justified in participating in a hospital in Edmonton-Strathcona and immediately. The Bulletin says that "a grant to an institution of this character here would mean a demand for similar assistance to like institutions in every other large centre of population in Alberta—a demand which might be answered diplomatically." Does it require any diplomacy to answer that the Edmonton-Strathcona centre of population is the only one in Alberta that can provide hospital teaching facilities convenient to the University? This argument of the Bulletin's is a very fair specimen of the specious logic which has been manufactured and put forth in the attempt to discredit the union project.

"When the population of the city and the wealth of the community justifies it Edmonton may be relied on to do her duty in the matter of filling the mutual needs of the medical school and the people who need hospital accommodation," says the Bulletin and we hope the assertion is correct; for right now our population and our wealth (or lack of excess of wealth) and the mutual needs of our university and our sick—those are exactly the conditions that justify the immediate adoption of the union proposition, and when the Bulletin states that "a failure to embrace the union project is not at all hostility to the University or to Strathcona or to any other interest or corporation," the Bulletin is accurately and precisely wrong. Further when it states that "the wealthy can buy any treatment they require here as elswehere" it is unfortunately very sadly mistaken, as every medical man in Edmonton must admit. Moreover, the union hospital scheme is the only one that will within measurable time place within the reach of our poor and rich alike the priceless boon of twentieth century scientific medicine, where large public considerations should alone receive attention. I regret to have to devote space to a personal matter between individuals, but simple justice and a serious menace to a public interest necessitates it. In her Journal interview published in the Bulletin Mrs. Murphy states that "Dr. Tory approached the Board of Hospital Directors and the Medical Association asking them to keep the project of a union hospital on the university grounds a secret until the matter was settled." The facts are: At the time (March 3 and 4) that the Hospital Board, the Medical Association and President Tory came together on the hospital question; the general election was pending (March 22). Mr. McDougall is a member of the Board and of the University Senate and was an election candidate. It was deemed by all to be inadvisable to make public AT THAT TIME any proposed change in the policy of the Board which might be misunderstood and mixed up with election matters with which it had no relation wheatever. The numerous misrepresentations regarding the union plan, made since, have clearly shown the wisdom of waiting. Mr. McDougall was not responsible and so far as I am aware, does not yet know why publicity of the union plan was deferred, perhaps he does not yet even know that it was deferred. No one had the slightest intention of "keeping it a secret until the matter was settled," and "the boldest attempt ever made in the city to gag the citizens" was entirely the product of Mrs. Murphy's imagination and misconstruction—or misinformation, let us say—of the above facts. "If I have stated anything incorrect I shall most heartily apologise to him," says Mrs. Murphy in her "interview" attack on Dr. Tory. It is to be hoped taht the apology will be as public and direct as the accusations. The public now know that our University President's intentions and actions were perfectly honorable and well-advised, and that "when their (the public's) common health or common wealth are concerned" he is intensely interested to make the University as useful as possible.

In conclusion, regarding Mrs Murphy's "ifs": The general public may rest assured that Edmonton and Strathcona will have a high level bridge and will unite to form the premier city of Western Canada; that in ten years Alberta will have one million people; that we now have medical students (nurses—in training) here and young men from Western Canada are going in annually increasing numbers to the East and will go until the public will endorse "wide visions" based on sound business principles; that Osler says a hospital serves the public best only when combined with a medical school; and that our public hospital charter will be amended with marked benefit to the hospital. Meanwhile the public continues to await the appearance of the first substantial and defensible argument against the union policy.

Edmoscona.

Edmonton, April 21, 1909.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

Somebody accused the present editor of this column of being a bit unkind, if nothing worse, in her criticism of Mr. Bealey at the Marie Hall concert recital. Now why?

If criticism is to be worth anything it must be honest, and to praise what is not up to the standard would mean that in a few week's time this column would degenerate unto the level of the paid-notice advertisements, with which you are all familiar. Indiscriminate eulogy isn't worth a continental, and so long as this paper holds its present views we don't propose indulging in it.

Mr. Bealey is a professional singer, he was associated with artists of the first rank, therefore it was only reasonable that he would give us at least a fair example of singing as it should be done. Instead he was plainly out of the class of the artists with whom he was associated, and plainly bored the most of the audience with his presence. If one shall not be free to criticize, professionals at that, why run this cloumn at all? On the other hand I think we can fairly be said to be the only local paper whose musical and dramatic notes are worth a song. At least we endeavor to be a fairly accurate guide as to what is worthy of support and what not, when we cease to do this exit this column from the pages of the Saturday News.

—

What was honestly a rare treat in theatrical attractions in town was presented in Seymour Obermer's play "The House of Bondage," at the Edmonton Opera House on Monday and Tuesday evenings, when two smart and representative audiences listened to Miss Florence Roberts and her exceedingly capable and well-balanced company, present this much-discussed society play.

Opinions may vary as to the effect produced by the play itself but must be at one on the marked ability of those who presented it.

Miss Roberts herself is at times startlingly suggestive of Minnie Maddern Fisk. Her crown of Titian red hair, height, and an illusive something in her face, with the little twist of mouth, one calls to mind with the mere mention of Mrs. Fiske's name, are also part and parcel of this lesser actress. But there the likeness ends. For the rest Miss Roberts is herself, a fine actress, with a clear enunciation, real dramatic powers, and an original conception of her role in the play. To my own fancy I liked her better in the first two acts than in the last, strong as it was. In them she seemed to me more the woman Paul Bertrand would naturally love than when she rises up to hurl defiance at her husband and that other woman, who after all, honestly loves him.

Miss Warrington as the Duchess of Banff played her part as our English friends would have it, rippingly. With no beauty to aid her, assuming a role that in other hands would only have repelled, by her sincerity, her admirable restraint, and the constant flashes of genuine good existing beneath an ambitious and smart society exterior, she showed us th t unlawful and all as her love was, selfish maybe, what love is not? it was yet the best part of her: as much her right as Lady Joan Meredyth's was, for a man on whom she had no claim. Frankly I fell in love with the Duchess. As a woman who knows women, I recognized the truthfulness of her entire portrayal of the woman of the world and to be natural where one might very well be theatrical is a rare, rare thing.

The Countess of Carlington, Miss Mary Bertrand, had only a minor role, but filled it most acceptably. I wonder how many such charming well-wishers a good looking young surgeon could stand in a day, and not lose his head. Ma foi but I am glad our good doctors confine their attentions to our tongue and pulse. Nerves cover much interesting ground, it is as well to stick to the old heart disease and indigestion.

Cairns, the butler and Dr. Roland the Swiss country doctor, who I suspect were one and the same, but no matter, were the insignificant links in the chain that proved its strength.

And now we come to Paul Bertrand, the London surgeon, and Sir Vincent Meredyth, the husband. Of their acting there can be only one opinion, it was splendid. The first-named was seldom off the stage, and was in addition under constant strain, but he never lost the fine self-control and restraint that mark him the artist as opposed to the melodramatic hero. The same may be said of Sir Vincent Meredyth. It was life, that phase of it that a certain section of English high society are living, that they were presenting. A society out of its knickers and short skirts, doesn't rant and rave; it may be degenerate, unscrupulous, but it has the grace to be soft spoken. So they gave it to us.

The play itself has not a pleasant, but a piquant taste. More than that it is not the very least vulgar. What I said of immoral plays in last week's Mirror holds good of it. It is a problem, but then isn't life much the same? For my own part I didn't just see where Lady Joan Meredyth's particularly fine feelings were evidenced, as opposed to the Duchess's coarseness. Both women were fighting for the love of two men who shouldn't honestly have belonged to them. Both were at least genuinely in love, the Duchess had been more flagrantly immoral, perhaps, but Lady Joan was only saved from herself by Paul Bertrand. She had all the desire to jump the consequences personally of flying openly to him, had not HIS better sense of duty, and worldly wisdom pointed the other way.

Taken how you will, however, it was an interesting evening with exceedingly clever play-folk. May Mr. Brandon repeat the experiment in the near future.

—

The pretty little play-house, the Empire, has been drawing bumper audiences all week with a capital bill of attractions, among other good things on the pleasantly diversified programme being Gladys Middleton, a rapid change artist, who does some clever work. Angela May, whose mimicry of Anna Held in her well-known song, "I just can't make my eyes behave" evoked great applause, and some distinctly smart little sketches by various performers which are away and ahead of last week's bill. Of course there are new pictures, and a new illustrated song "Billy Dear," which add to the evening's enjoyment. Evidently it is getting to be quite the correct thing to give little theatre parties at this very popular house, for a glance through the audience disclosed many groups of well-known people about town, having a hearty laugh at the mirth-provoking acts.

—

Mr. Theodore Lorch and his clever company, who are making good at the Edmonton Opera House announce some very interesting plays for the coming week, "Man and Trust," that good old play of German College life; "Old Heidleberg," Wednesday night; "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in which Mr. Lorch is said to have no living equal, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday and Saturday matinee "Strongheart," Robert Edson's college play.

Mr. Leich is an actor of a most pleasing personality, commanding stage presence and a good voice. He is surrounded by a company of clever people and his scenic effects are the best ever offered by a strong company. They are proving a most popular attraction.

AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK.

One of the most mystifying acts that has ever been witnessed in Edmonton, will appear at the Orpheum Theatre during the coming week. Secured at great expense Marion Neville, a rival to the famous Anna Eva Fay, will give a mysterious performance in second sight, mind reading, answering any questions put to her, or anything you may be thinking about. If you are in doubt about the whereabouts of a relation or friend Marion Neville can tell you, she has done it before with wonderful accuracy and truthfulness.

There is not a woman in Edmonton but what has a wonderment concerning something important relating to her or her life. "If I only knew what to do," is a question which perhaps every woman in the city repeats every day of her life. There are serious questions too, questions which concern her very existence, that she asks herself day by day, but there is no one to answer them. However, the time has arrived when any question she may ask will be answered and by the mystery of psychic phenomena as possessed by Marion Neville.

Call it mind reading, call it whatever you will, Marion Neville can answer your secret questions; you do not have to utter them orally or write them to her, think them, and she speaks the answer.

In excess of this special attraction four other new and origin l acts will form part of the bill and added to this list life motion pictures will be shown and illustrated songs rendered.

Good as the Orpheum programme has been of late, this array of talent promises to eclipse anything previously seen.

AT THE EMPIRE NEXT WEEK.

That last week's bill at the Empire is an all star one is being proved nightly by the crowded houses. Next week, it will be a more diversified bill, and each act is personally vouched for by Manager Kyle, as being an "A No. 1" offering. A dramatic sketch, the equal of which hasn ever been seen in Edmonton, is presented by Robert H. Bertram and Co. It is entitled "The Story of the Rose." Highly dramatic, but with good clean comedy running through it also, it stands out in strong relief from anything as yet presented locally.

Lynne and Rennie Hazard have a musical sketch which is about as clever a turn as one could wish to see. Miss Hazard is a singer and dancer of great ability, while Mr. Harazd piano playing is decidedly clever. These two will make a big hit here

Marie Hrdlicka, a Bohemian lyric soprano with a voice of marvellous range, is taking the audiences in Calgary by storm nightly. Her rendition of difficult selections is said to be perfection.

Verne and Verne are a pair of Australian singers and dancers with fine press notices. Their voices are good, their dancing clever, while a wealth of sparkling comedy adds greatly to their act.

Leo St. Elmo, "The Musical German," presents a musical sketch that is of the "different" kind. He is also a comedian of merit.

Clever Clark is a slack wire artist and juggler par excellence. His act is far removed from anything so far seen here, and he will no doubt be appreciated accordingly. The whole bill from start to finish is one continuous presentation of "headline" attractions.

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To the Steinway. A cablegram from Lisbon announces that Steinway and Sons have been appointed piano manufacturers to his Majesty, Manuel II, King of Portugal. Seventeen royal appointments are now held by Steinway and Sons. This recognition is additional evidence that the position of the Steinway Piano is at once distinct, distinguished and incontestable. For catalogues and list of the famous Steinway Pianos address George Suckling, 612 Second street, Edmonton, Piano wareroom.

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The Mirror.

(Continued from page 3)

We hear a great deal of foolish talk about tempering justice with mercy; justice should, it seems to me, always lead towards that quality, but, first make your laws merciful then stick to them, not have every case with a different application for it. Law should be law, the same for the millionaire as the poorest outcast It should be above tampering with sans fear and sans reproach. If capital punishment IS the punishment for murder, and a trial by judge and jury means anything it should mean that no man, minister, or otherwise, should have the power to circumvent it. If the taking of a life by hanging is unbearable to the way of thinking of the poeple, abolish capital punishment, but let law be law, as it was with the Medes and Persians, altering not. How a man, even a parson should have it in his power to set aside the verdict of twelve good men and true, is a puzzler.

What extenuating circumstances there could be for a strong man to attack an unarmed woman with a loaded revolver, it would take a parson to discover. Evidently the jury failed to see. As a result, however, of what one can only regard as sentimental maudlinism the man got off with his life, and the public had yet again one more example of how easy-handed justice was coming to be administered in Canada.

What possible object there was to be gained in this man's living seems only to be found in the fact that he didn't want to die by hanging. It was a nasty experience. Since his incarceration in the Penitentiary he has been a marked man. Morose and rebellious always, he seems to have shown no evidence of repentance but furnished a sullen, dangerous example to the other convicts with whom he was assciated, ending in his taking another life when the first opportunity offered.

For this end hundreds of persons, sheep, signed a petition to the Minister of Justice.

Turning on the other hand to the case of Chief Nepoquan what do we find? A poor Indian, wise only in the ways of his people, tortured by the sight of them famishing, knowing no law but of his people's which demanded death at the Chief's hands of a soul into whom the Wendigo, or Wetigo, had entered, taking, with bitter mental grief, the life of his daughter's child, not however until he had wrought full sore with the spirit of the evil one.

Why, he had loved her, known and cherished her since she was a little papoose. What he did, he did according to the light that was given him. John Franklin had shot a white man, when he had gone mad and become a menace to the general safety, even so, sorrowfully he did his duty.

But the child of the forest, although he explained as best he knew the circumstances to the wise White Judge, was sentenced to be hanged, having no parson to plead "extenuating circumstances." In the one case we have a common brutal murder, in the other the act of a misguided and sorely-tried child of nature, yet the one receives clemency and the other the fullest penalty of the law.

It is surely high time maudlin sentimentalists and busy-bodies ceased from their troublings, and let the laws of the land take their course.

No longer even at that can Canadians stand up and point with pride to the way justice is administered in Canada. We have become infected with the taint of our neighbors across the line. No sooner is someone murdered than the cry of insanity is immediately raised, "extenuating circumstances," next it will be the "unwritten law" Every man and woman is, must be, more or less unbalanced who can take life, but then every one is more or less mad every time he or she gives way to anger. Is that an excuse for committing crime?

We are in a new country, to the men and women of other lands who have come to make their homes in our midst, the way law and justice has hitherto been administered in this country has been one of its attractions. As events are shaping we are in danger of losing much of our prestige in this respect; it is time we came to our senses.

In all this there is no word of the heart-broken families left to mourn their dead Sickly sentimentalists lose sight of this side of the case.

In concluding I would only question once and for all the wisdom of petitions of whatever nature. They mean nothing. You sign because you want to get rid of a man, or don't care to invite adverse criticism, I, because I am easy going or not anxious to make an enemy. Requisitions and petitions aren't worth the paper they're written on, as you know my friend, as well as I, if you'll deliver yourself honestly in the matter. Let us have done with them, let parsons stick to their own walk in life, and let the law take its course, or be abolished.

--

Last June, you will remember, I wrote up the penitentiary and its Warden and murdered Deputy. To-day reading over my copy I rejoice that I then paid Mr. Steadman the tribute in life, I can well echo now that he is no more. In his taking off Alberta loses one of her greatest citizens, the institution, and "the boys," as he called the convicts, an official and a friend whose like they can not hope to replace. His last thought and act was of his "duty" to the Warden and his trust.

"Warden," he kept repeating, doubtless fearing a general break for liberty might be made.

"Time," he gasped, groping for his watch, every untoward incident being invariably reported with the time of happening.

It was ten twenty-five.

Will you let me quote you the last paragraph of my article o f June 6th last.

"The poor often speak of one who is in prison as one who is 'in trouble.' Trouble is sorrow, and sorrow is infinite. Clergymen often speak of it as a mystery but is it not rather a revelation. Such was the thought that I, at least, carried away with me, back to the bright, beautiful world where every one and everything had the right to be free.

"'It is all all wrong,' said Mr. Steadman, 'to query how do these men feel about this and that, and that and this. How would you feel? Are not these men and women your and my brothers, with the accident in between that they have made a few mistakes and BEEN FOUND OUT. Are there no men in Edmonton to-day who are given high places among you, who cheat you every time they weigh a pound of sugar or trade a lot or a horse? Justice is not so even-handed, you will be seeing, as she is often represented.'

"And so, in thinking of those immured for a season, within the walls of Alberta Penitentiary, I prefer to remember them as men and women 'in trouble' rather than as convicts wearing the stripes. My 'boys' 'fine boys too on the whole,' as the Deputy terms them, industriously mastering a useful calling in life, and working out, with some good men's aid, their own salvation."

—

I am indebted to Miss Margaret Cuthbert for the following interesting editorial.

"EVOLUTION OF WAR."

"Civilization" and "progress" are measured by the moral elevation of the common people. The multiplying of the aggregate of the world.

Notwithstanding their greed and avarice, their strifes and wars, the nations of the earth are steadily—perhaps slowly, but surely—approaching each other. The oneness of the human race is clearer to them to-day than ever before. The nations feel their dependance on each other, and must therefore, forcibly comprehend that through harmony and co-operation the race can progress, while dissensions that result in weakening one nation, mean a misfortune to the whole. As to individuals, the fact is realized that the prosperity of each depends on the prosperity of all.

Reciprocity, co-operation and free trade are indicative of principals of conduct in social and national policy as just, and unerring as the laws of nature. And yet because one nation has broken her pledge in matters pertaining to an international treaty, there is a universal cry for justice. What the world needs to-day and needs most sorely is not more justice, more laws, but more LIGHT. It is by knowledge that the world shall be made just. The present civilization of the nations would never have reached the point it has, had they not accepted the peaceful evolutionary process by education.

Until certain countries begin to realize what good things can result from peaceful evolution, the progress and advancement of civilization will be at a standstill. There are two examples of successful evolution. One in the United States which is civil service reform and the other in the world at large, which is international law. There are two sorts of reformers; those fitted to work in the more quiet fields of life, to discover truth, to develope goodness, to strengthen justice, to evoke sober judgment, to produce better environment; and those fitted to strive in more stormy fields, in open combat with wrong; in open wrestle with unreason, in open battle with courts and causes, to promote a survival of the fittest.

The first word to both classes is: strive to secure progress toward a better and nobler future just as far as possible by processes evelotionary rather than by revolutionary; by study rather than by dogmatic assertion; by argument rather than by declamation; by appeals to reason, rather than prejudice; and to the nobler imagination rather than to sensationalism. The last word is: do not lend yourselves to unreason or injustice; do not prostitute your genius or talents; keep your faith in human liberty; never despair of your own country.

Margaret Ross Cuthbert.
Fort Saskatchewan.

—

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

Miss Christine Barker, who made so many friends in town during her visit to her aunt, Mrs. St. George Jellett, whose very sad and unexpected death brought her stay to a short and tragic close, left for her home in Picton last week.

—

The Hon. C. W. and Mrs. Cross are expected home from New York this week.

—

Miss Robinson of Belfast, Ireland, is visiting her brother, Mr. David Robinson, in the new Windsor Block.

—

The Musicale in All Saints' schoolroom on Thursday evening, given by Mrs. O'Connor and Mrs Griesbach in aid of the "Uneeda Booth," passed off very successfully, quite a large audience, considering the counter attractions of a dance, etc., being present to enjoy an excellent programme and certain other good things provided by these enterprising and tireless workers.

Among much-enjoyed numbers were solos by Mr. Bowers, Miss Webster, Miss Johnston, and Miss Astley, Mr. Craddock, and Mr. McIsaacs, while the Misses Montgomery and McCrimmon contributed duets and the Misses Morgan recited.

—

The same evening Miss Henderson of Sixth street was the hostess of a most successful Bal Poudre, the fine rooms being handsomely decorated for the event, and any number of pretty girls and gallant men being present, with costumes in keeping with the spirit of the night. Miss Henderson and her sister Mrs. Keay were both richly gowned, the former in pale blue satin and Miss Henderson in soft lustrous pink.

Mrs. Harold Brunton left on Tuesday afternoon for Seattle, where she will spend the summer with her sister.

—

Mr. Pate and Mr. Reg. Cautley went east last week.

—

Miss Constance Rhodes was the raison d'etre of three very interesting showers prior to her wedding on Wednesday. On Friday Miss Eleanor Taylor, her bridesmaid, had a kitchen shower in her honor, Saturday Mrs. Henwood gave another when it rained olives and preserved ginger and delicious tea, etc., etc., and Monday, eighteen dainty cups and saucers descended on the fair bride-elect at Mrs. Donald W Macpherson's "Glencoe," at all of which happy affairs the guests were the intimate friends of Wednesday's bride.

(Continued on page 8)

Athletics.

Three senior lacrosse teams will this year compete for the De Veber cup emblamatic of the amateur lacrosse championship of Alberta. There will be teams from Edmonton, Stratchona and Calgary. At a meeting of the Stratchona lacrosse enthusiasts held last week it was decided that Strathcona should enter a team in the senior lacrosse league. Two years ago Strathcona had a senior lacrosse team but met hard luck toward the later part of the season. Last year, as in Edmonton, there was nothing doing in lacrosse in Strathcona.

In Edmonton the lacrosse club held a meeting some time ago and organized for the season. It was decided to enter teams in both the senior and intermediate leagues his year. Nothing has been done recently, however, until the schedule of the Western Canada Baseball League was published. The club will now endeavor to arrange with the baseball club for the use of Diamond Park for learosse practice and matches when the grounds are not being used by the baseball team. Club membership tickets of $5 each are being issued These tickets will entitle the holder to admission to all the lacrosse games in the city this season.

Cricket is being more and more talked of as the season advances and there is a probability that a city cricket league will be formed in Edmonton. The Bulletin says:

"All through the west the activity in cricket circles is more pronounced this year. The Victoria Times states that Winnipeg and Calgary will send out strong teams to the Pacific Coast this year to try for all the British Columbia trophies. With the material in Edmonton it would be possible for this city to send a strong team also. Either that or the championshp teams of Winnipeg, Edmonton and Calgary might play off for this honor. The team which goes West could take part in the tournament for the challenge cup now held by the Victoria cricket club."

The tournament this year is to be in Vancouver with probably a team from Seattle competing. Saskatchewan is also moving in cricket matters and organizing.

ANNIVERSARY I. O. O. F.

The Oddfellows of Edmonton, Strathcona, and Fort Saskatchewan will observe the 90th anniversary of the Order by attending divine service on the afternoon of Sunday, April 25th.

The service will be conducted by Rev. Bro. C. A. Myers in Westminster Church, Edmonton, at four o'clock p.m. The Brothers will assemble at the I.O.O.F. hall, Norwood Block, at three o'clock p.m., and will from there march in a body to the church. A cordial invitation is extended to every Oddfellow.

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For the Sake of the Kid

A BEGGAR STORY

By Theodore Walters, in Lippincott's

Something was doing in Chi Tom McGuckin's. McGuckin's, be it said, is the true capital of Beggardom. A mere Bowery saloon in appearance, its big back room is nevertheless the rendezvous for the professional beggars who operate in and around New York. In spite of its character, however, Chi Tom's usually preserves an unruffled surface. Occasionally, when some yeggmen come in after a successful raid on country postoffices, it becomes the people of McGuckin's to make merry at their expense, but as a rule the aspect of the place is placid, and a stranger might think it an ordinary Bowery resort where denizens of the neighborhood gathered for an evening drink. On this night, however, a certain air of expectancy had so plainly fallen upon the place that I remarked it to my friend the begging-letter writer.

"Oh," said the Scratcher, as he was known to the confraternity. "Don't you know about it? Sol Sparrow finishes his bit on the island to-day, and we're looking for him any minute. Sol's the fellow that got boozed one day and walks into one of them swell Fifth avenue houses where the door was left open. He walked upstairs and fell asleep in the best bed in the house. The woman of the house walked in and found him among the laces, and they gave him a month in the work-house for it. You might have seen it in the papers."

At our table sat a young girl beggar, a well-known yeggman, and an elderly woman whose regular occupation was to sit crouched over a tuneless organ on street corners, all of whom laughed immoderately at the state of the Sparrow's feelings when he came to realize how he had fallen asleep in a place which he might have robbed with impunity.

"We'll give him the laugh good when he comes in," continued the Scratcher. "But the fact is, there might be a little business in it, too. The Sparrow must have made a find in a place like that, and you can't tell who he'll need to help work it."

"It was sure enough wash-day around there next mornin'," laughed the girl on the opposite side of the table. "Can't you just see the Sparrow's black head nestlin' down among the pillows, and the lady of the house lookin' him over and cryin', 'Goodness me, who's this?' And then Solly openin' his eyes and chirpin', 'It's me, the poor little Sparrow.' And then her takin' it on the run fer a front window and screechin' fer the cops to come an' pinch 'im. And then he gets a month for it. Isn't it enough to make you turn honest?"

It was evident that the potential value of the Sparrow's find was being discussed at other tables, for when he walked in, some half-hour later, the hum of voices in the place ceased and he was greeted more or less effusively from a dozen tables at once.

"Hello, Sparrow! Come and have a drink." "Say, old pal, how'd you like your nap?" "Say, Solly, did you make a find?" Etc., etc.

The Sparrow was a bullet-headed denizen of the under world, long past middle age, whose propensity for strong drink had kept him from rising in his profession. And this is not meant to convey a paradox, for there are professionals on the Bowery who take the business of imposing on the public as seriosuly as any schemer with a suite of offices—men who make more out of the human nature game than they could make out of a trade, and who are in it solely for that reason. Hence their gibes had an effect upon the Sparrow such as would never have been felt by him outside of that particular resort. He paused midway in the room, and, gazing around resentfully, exclaimed:

"But I tell you I wasn't soused. I wasn't even asleep. If you want to believe what the newspapers say, why, that's up to you. But there never was a minute when I didn't know what I was doin'."

A voiceless sigh of appreciative interest breathed over the assemblage. The spirit of raillery immediately passed out of the room, expressions of admiration for the Sparrow's implied cleverness could be heard on all sides, and a dozen invitations to have a drink were hurled at him at once. But the Sparrow waved them aside peremptorily.

"That's all right. That's all right," he said. "But I want to see Scratchie. Anybody seen Scratchie? Oh, there he is." And he walked over to our table and sat down.

"The bunch is all right," said the Sparrow, when a waiter had been told what he would most like to drink after a month's thirst. "The bunch is all right, but this is a little business which you and me can look after better than any of the others."

"Sure thing, Sparrow. I knew there was something doin'," responded the Scratcher, lying easily, as was his habit. "I said, 'The Sparrow would never let himself fall so easily unless he had made a find,' didn't I, Mame?"

"I made a find all right. But say, first of all—has anybody seen my kid since I was sent over?"

He referred to his motherless little daughter, who was left without a protector when he was sent to prison. We at the table shook our heads negatively.

"I thought she might 'a' been inquirin' for me. I went over to Allen street, where I had a room, before I came around here, but there was nothing in it. Nobody 'round knew anything about her. God! if anybody did anything to that kid, I'd—I'd — I wonder if the Gerrys took her! They'll hand her back if they did, or—"

"How did you happen on the place?" interrupted the Scratcher, who was not at all interested in children. The Sparrow responded immediately.

"It was this way," the Sparrow replied. "My old woman died a few days before I was sent over, and was feelin' bum, because the old woman was all to the good. Take it from me, she was the best ever. Sure we had our run-ins, but that was mostly my fault, and maybe if I had let the booze alone she wouldn't have—wouldn't have——"

He faltered a moment. Scratcher made an impatient movement with his feet, and the Sparrow resumed:

"I was up against it hard, see?—and if it hadn't been for a young gal from the Settlement House the old woman wouldn't 'a' had nothin' to bury her with. After the funeral I walked by me lonesome, and pretty soon I was drillin' up the avenue, not thinkin' where I was goin', and when I come to meself, it's night, and I was wonderin' if the Kid had any dinner. I made up my mind to throw a fit and maybe collect a few from the crowd when all of a sudden a swell guy walks up the steps of the very house where I'm startin' to throw me fit, and leaves the door open a little behind him.

"Well, it looked pretty good to me. There's nothin' like takin' a chance, so in I goes after him. It was a swell place all right, but just as I got inside I heard some one comin' up the basement stairs, so there's nothing for me but the next floor. I went up faster than a second-story worker could climb a porch. At the head of the stairs was a room with a big brass bed in it, and I was lookin' it over when of a sudden I heard somebody talkin'. I goes to the other door of the room and listens a bit, and it's then that I made me find."

The Sparrow stopped talking and slowly drained his glass. We looked at him expectantly, all except the Scratcher, who in an elaborate attempt to appear unconcerned flicked the ashes of a half-burnt cigarette into a cuspidor, meanwhile winking surreptitiously at the girl beggar. She, taking her cue from the wink, asked calmly enough:

"And what were they talking about, Sparrow?"

"Scratcher, what do you figure it would be worth to hold your tongue about a guy that's goin' to do a rich young girl out of her fortune that's been left to him to take care of for her?"

"It depends on the size of the fortune, and how near right you've got him," answered the Scratcher.

"But look here, Sparrow. Where do I get off?"

"That's the point—where?" answered the Sparrow.

"Looks like halves to me," mused Scratchie. "You can't appear in it, because you've been caught with the goods in the house already, and, besides, you couldn't write the proper kind of letters. Looks like halves."

"Halves is it," answered the Sparrow. "Well, I'm listenin' there at the door. There's two guys talkin'. One of them lived in the house, and the other was the fellow that left the front door open behind him. From what I made out, the one that lives in the house is the guardeen of a girl, and the other wants to marry her. The guardeen don't want it nohow, but the other tells him how he's found out that he's gone and spent a lot of her cash on himself, and if he don't let him marry her, he'll tell her all about it.

"The guardeen calls him some swell names that I don't know a meanin' of except that they is curses, and they don't come to no agreement until he springs a little joker on the guardeen by tellin' him that the girl's dead struck on a young feller down-town, and if she marries him, why the guardeen will get found out anyhow. That fetched him. The guardeen agreed to help the other feller marry the girl, and when she's married they're to divide the money between them."

"What's the girl's name?" asked the Scratcher sententiously.

"I don't know," answered the Sparrow. "And that's where you come in. You see, just then I heard some one comin' along the hall to the door, and rather than take a chance on makin' a get-away I hopped into the bed and makes out I'm a drunk hobo. It was the guardeen's wife or housekeeper or somethin', and the holler she made was a peach. The fellers in the other room drug me out of bed and turns on the burglar alarm, and a cop come and fanned me with his night-stick, and over I goes to the Island."

The Scratcher got a piece of paper and began to make notes for the forthcoming blackmailing letters.

"What was the name of the guardian?" he asked.

The Sparrow fished a grimy newspaper clipping from his pocket.

"Here it is in the paper, and a picture of me with whiskers on. What do you think of that, and me mug in the Gallery since the days of Byrnes! Here it is—Twombley Carter, 1891 Fifth avenue."

"Aw, say!" exclaimed the girl. "I know all about him, that guy. Why, dere's been a whole lot in the papers about him and his niece. He gave it out that she was goin' to marry one feller, and she says she ain't, 'cause she is goin' to marry another. Sure thing. I was doin' a little bit up in the House of Good Shepherd, and she was one of the swell visitors. She was reading to us out of a book one day, when in walks a reporter, and asks for her picture to put in the paper. 'Why?' she says, "Cause you're goin' to marry Mr—' I forgit the name he said. 'I am not,' she says, right in front of us all. 'But your uncle, Mr. Carter, told me you were.' 'Never mind what my uncle said,' she says. 'I'm not.' And the next day it all come out in the papers how she and her uncle had a quarrel on account of it."

"We'll have to move quick or there won't be any money left for us," said the Scratcher. "What is the niece's name, Mame?"

"Let's see, its—"

"Hey there, Sparrow," interrupted the bar-tender thrusting his head in through the door that opened from the outer bar-room. "Heres your kid looking for you. There he is, kid, over there."

A little girl ran through the crowd towards our table. The Sparrow was on his feet in an instant.

"Kiddie! Kiddie!" he cried.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she responded, and flung herself sobbing into his arms. He sat down and bent tenderly over her, while the pent-up yearnings of a month's separation gave vent against his shoulders. It was not in the Sparrow to cry, but the equivalent in suppressed emotion was much harder to bear. The people at the table round-about paid not the slightest attention. Not that there were no appreciative souls among them, but those who are adepts in the portrayal of fictitious emotions are apt also to be connoisseurs of the real thing, and to accord it the respect that is its due.

"Oh, Daddy! Daddy!" sobbed the child. "Where have you been all the time? Where did you go after Momsey died?"

It would have been a hard question to answer under any circumstances, and in the present hard situation, the Sparrow was utterly unequal to it. He looked from one to another of us helplessly. And then the girl, she of the streets, reached over and, catching the child by the hands, said gently:

"Kiddie, don't you know that when mother died she had to go a long way off. And Daddy—well, Daddy had to see that—that she got there safely."

In the situation, grotesque, and perhaps not very convincing to the child, still it gave the Sparrow time to recover the balance of his self-control.

"And where have you been, Kiddie?" he asked. "Why, you've got on a new dress. Who gave you that?"

"Miss Williard."

"Williard!" He turned to us. "B'Jee, there's a woman for you. Comes around and gives you medicines when you're sick, and buries you when you re dead, and not a d—d word about savin' your soul, 'cept when the old woman was dyin', and then what she said 'd make you cry.

"Where did you go after the funeral, Kiddie?" he resumed presently.

"You went away, Daddy," responded the child plaintively, "and you didn't come back, and I waited and waited, and it got dark, and I was afraid, because Momsey wasn't there. And then I went to sleep, and I thought heard Momsey calling to me like she used to, and I got up and ran over to the bed, but she wasn't there. And then I went down, and sat on the front step, until a policeman came and told me to go in the house. But I was afraid to go upstairs, and waited inside the front door till daytime came again."

The Sparrow turned to us with a muttered curse.

"And me all the time begging the sargeant to send some word to her," he said. "Oh, it'd 'a' gone quick enough, if I'd a' had the coin to pay for it."

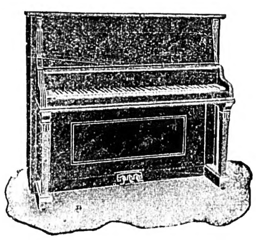
The child resumed:

"And then Miss Williard came, and we got something to eat, and we waited all day for you, but you didn't come and in the night-time Miss Williard took me over to the Settlement House. I've been there all the time, and Miss Williard came every day, and we had lots to eat, but, oh, I didn't like it there, and I cried 'most all the time, because I wanted you, Daddy—and—Momsey."

The Sparrow hugged his child to him the while he tried to comfort her, but to us his expression was despairing.

"And oh, Daddy, I got tired wait-

Continued on page 7



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For the Sake of the Kid

(Continued from page 6)

ing for you, and I couldn't wait any longer, and to-night after supper I sneaked out the front door, and ran away to find you."

"How did you know I would be here?" asked the father.

"'Cause, one time, when Momsey and I tried to find you, you was here."

"Well, never mind, Kiddie. Daddy won't make you find him here any——Hello, what do you want?"

The latter to a tall and rather well-set-up young fellow, who had stopped at our table. But the young man, instead of replying directly to the Sparrow, said pleasantly to the child:

"Hello, youngster! So you got tired of the Settlement House, eh?"

"Oh!" growled the Sparrow. "You from the Settlement, huh?"

"No, not exactly," said the other. "I came in the interest of Miss Williard. She received word that her young protege had left the Settlement House, so we started out to find her, and traced her here."

"Oh!" said the Sparrow. "That's different. Any friend of Miss Williard is a friend of mine. Sit down and have a drink with us."

"No, thank you," returned the young man. "You see, Miss Williard is waiting in her motor outside. But—the youngster?"

"That's all right," said the Sparrow. "I'm her father."

"Oh!" The young man considered a moment. "In that case we will leave her to you. Good evening." And he started towards the door. But the Sparrow checked him.

"Do you think"—he asked—"do you think that Miss Williard would mind if I stepped out and told her how I think she's ace high, for the way she's looked after the kid?"

"Well," began the young man diplomaticaly, "I think she would more than appreciate having it—don't you see—in the form of a letter. You might address her in care of her uncle, Mr. Twombley Carter, 1891 Fifth avenue, and—"

"What?"

The child slipped out of the Sparrow's arms as he stood up.

"Does yer mean to say that Miss Williard is Twombley Carter's niece?"

"Yes."

"And he's her guardian?"

"Until she is of age. But I do not see what connection—"

"And are you the young feller that she wants to marry instead of the guy that her uncle—"

"That is not a matter I care to discuss here. Good evening," interrupted the young man shortly, and, turning on his heel, he walked out.

The Sparrow dropped into a chair.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" he said.

"You was right all right, Sparrow," said the girl beggar. "That's her feller. I've seen him call for her at the House of Good Shep. But that uncle of her's will never let him marry her."

"Oh, won't he?" answered the Sparrow, the light of strife in his eye. "Won't he? Well, we'll see whether he won't or not."

"What do you mean?" asked the Scratcher uneasily.

"What do I mean? I mean that the plant don't go through, that's what I mean. Any cash that we'd get from that uncle would come out of the girl's fortune, see? Do you think I'd do it after what she done for the kid? And—and—the old woman?"

He looked challengingly at us all.

"And as for that uncle of hers, I want you to write him a letter, Scratchie, and you tell him that if he tries to get in the road of that young feller that was in, the tramp what was found in his wife's bed will tend to him."

The Scratcher was a much disgusted man. Such a beautiful chance to make money thrown aside, and all for the sake of gratitude. It was the limit.

"H'm, Sparrow," he sneered. "The next thing we know, you'll be turning honest and going to work."

The Sparrow stood up and took his little girl by the hand.

"Well" he said, "the youngster's got to be brought up to this life or I've got to go over to hers. And"—he looked the Scratcher squarely in the eye—"if you had one of your own—what the h—l would you do? Come, Kiddie."

Intelligent Apes

(Continued from page 2)

contemptuous, and take no further notice of you. If you were afraid of him, he would know at once." That is easily believed. It is more difficult to decide whether it is natural that "Consul" should have pets like a man: he has a fox terrier and a cat, which he is very fond of, and pats frequently. You wonder what the animals think of it—or, rather, the other animals.

Those who remember "Sally," the chimpanzee who lived for many years in the "zoo," may compare her accomplishments with "Consul's." But "Consul's" are, of course, far beyond "Sally's." He has had opportunities which she never had. "Sally" never had a banking account. "Sally" did not live all her life in the bosom of a human family. Still, she has had no successor. There is no accomplished chimpanzee in the Gardens to-day; even "Old Micky," the eldest has only a few tricks. The most intelligent apes at the "zoo," or, at all events, those who exhibit the greatest powers of reasoning, are the orang-utans. There are three, "Sandy," "Jacob," and "Delia." "Sandy," the largest and oldest, has already developed the morose eccentricities of elderly bachelordom. He has his own notions of the time which an orang-utan should devote to sleep, and if he is called in the morning earlier than pleases him, he is furious; his whole day is spoilt. Even on days when he has been called at the proper time, his outlook on life is a ferocious silence. When his luncheon is brought him he peels his bananas as any man with huge dark fingers would peel them, and munches them with quiet orderliness and without a stop. He has taught himself a new way of drinking. Within reach of his cage, outside the wire, is a narrow tank of water. From his bed he chooses a long straw with a good ear to it, holds the straw by the stalk and waves the ear in to the water, brings the ear back soaked, and sucks it much as natural people eat asparagus. "Jacob," the younger orang-utan in the next cage, has copied the trick from him, and they frequently sit side by side drinking; the wet straws wave monotonously to and fro. But "Jacob" does more than drink with straw. Before he was given a rope to swing with he used to make straw ropes for himself, and he still makes straw ropes when he has tied his hemp rope in a knot so that it will not swing. He twists the straw much as coachmen do, and then throws the rope over a branch of his tree, catches hold of both ends, and swings. After a bit, of course, the straw slips and gives, and "Jacob" comes down with a thump. Probably he is not hurt much, but the look of puzzled anger on his face never varies. You may watch him twist a dozen ropes and swing on them one after another, and each time when he falls the same stupid rage glowers in his eyes. Then the pain of the fall leaves him, and he goes to pull more straw. He is not really so intelligent as "Delia," the youngest orang-utan. She is a baby of three, and lives in the nursery downstairs. If you knock at the door, "Delia" opens it to you; she will also run to open it when you leave her. She drinks decently from a cup, and she has other graces; she is charmingly obedient, and does whatever she is told. She has lapses from uprightness, but only as an intelligent thief. Once, on a summer's day, when "Delia" was allowed to wander loose out of doors, a nursemaid passed wheeling a perambulator. In the perambulator a baby sucked what is known in nurseries as a comforter. "Delia" saw it, and desired comfort; took the comforter and sucked it herself. The nursemaid, a discriminating girl, would not take it back, and "Delia" kept it.

Is the intelligence of apes capable of being developed to reach a higher level than has been reached by such an ape as "Consul?" Mr. Hilliard, "Consul's" manager, believes that it is. He believes that if you could get a succession of chimpanzees—father, son, grandson, and so on—living with a human family, the resemblance to humanity would grow with every step in the succession. Possibly even physical differences would disappear. The need for the distance between the thumb and the digits would vanish with the ending of the necessity of climbing trees, and the ape's hand, perhaps, would become gradually nearer a human hand. But the answer is invariably the same. Chimpanzees will not breed in captivity; no chimpanzees are born except in the deep wilds of equatorial Africa. Each captive, brought to share his life with human beings, begins always as a wild ape among men.

Last Night

—By Marion Winthorp

Last night I went into the place of souls. And as I entered there a veiled figure came and stood before me. I could not see its face or whether it was man or woman, but it held out its hand to me and we passed on together.

"Where is it that you are leading me?" I asked, and it answered, "To look upon the thing here that is most beautiful."

And then the strange being led me past a throng of forms; and some were beautiful and some were hideous so that one turned away from the sight of them, and I said to my guide "Who are these people?" And the answer came, "These are the souls of the living." And I said, "I do not understand. Why are they in this place?" And the veiled being answered, "Their bodies are not dead but sleeping." Then I said, "Show me the soul that is the most beautiful."

And after we had passed on further the veiled being who led me paused, and raising my eyes I beheld a face so radiant, so kind, so beautiful, that I scarce dared to look upon it. And when I had looked I bowed before it and hid my face and said, "Surely this is some soul from that place we call Heaven; for no face on earth is so wonderful." And then the being who stood beside me smiled and spoke: "It is one you know." She lives near you and you pass her each day in the street."

And I cried, "What is her name?" Then my guide said a name that I knew well.

"But," I cried, "she is ugly. She is not even pleasant to look upon. There is nothing fair about her, only that she has a kind smile and the children love her."

And then the being that accompanied me replied, "That which you see with the eyes of your flesh is the body of flesh, for with them you can see nothing else, but that which you now look upon is the face of the soul."

Then the veiled figure again took me by the hand and led me on still further, and after a time again we paused, and again I raised my eyes and looked. But after I had done so I put my hands before my eyes and cried out; the thing I saw was so hideous. "Why do you bring me here to look upon this deformed and ugly thing? What is she to me?"

And the being said to the unlovely shape, "What is thy name?" And then I heard a voice repeat a name I knew, and I cried aloud, "It is not true." And after I had spoken I felt myself swiftly withdrawn from that place.

For that which I had looked upon was the soul of the woman I loved.

Mr. George Zurhorst, late of Fotheringham and Popham, of Ottawa, and formerly of the Albert Britnell Co., of Toronto, in both of which stores he was general manager of the book department, has been made manager of the book department of the Douglas Company, Ltd.

We publish on our front page this week a view from the sub-division of White Wood Sands. This property is being sold by B. F. Blackburn, 622 First street.

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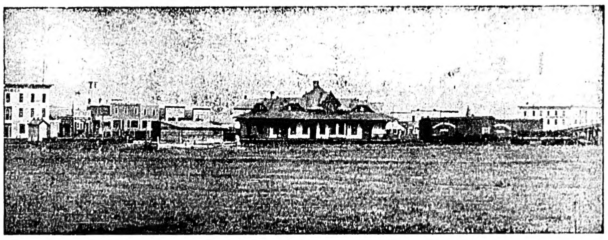

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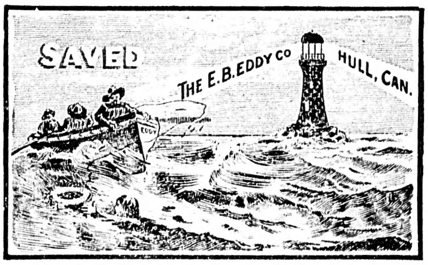

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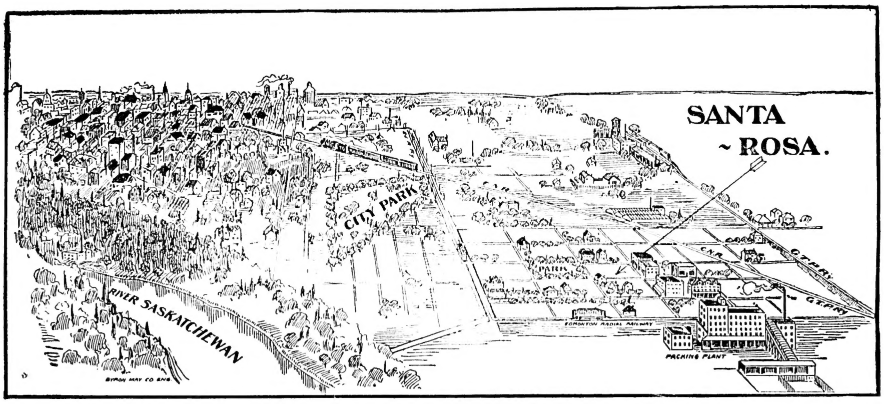

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Home and Society.

Continued from page 5

On Saturday night Mr. Roland Lines had a dinner in honor of his brother, Mr. William Lines, when "the Batch" on Sixth street gave him a merry send-off as one of their number.

—

I have been asked if I will again remind the public who have any books, new or old, they would care to donate to the Book Booth for the Hospital Fair, if they will communicate with either Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Miss Haldane, or Miss Katherine Hughes, who will be pleased to send and collect them.

The Fair is so very near at hand now, that all who are in charge of booths are desirous of finding out definitely just what they can count on in connection with their stalls.

—

On Saturday the closing meeting for the season of the Edmonton Ladies' Musical Club was held at Mrs. Slocock's residence on McKay Ave., when the fine big rooms with their cheery grate fires, cosy nooks and general spaciousness added their own quota of attractions, to a delightful programme and the smart little gathering of the club and their friends who assembled there.

During the season the Club has met every second Saturday, devoting one day between two or three composers, with a sketch of one or more of their lives. In this way members have kept their acquaintance brushed up with the great masters and their works, and have had in addition a stimulus to keep up their own practise. All in all some excellent work has been accomlished, and some very enjoyable musical afternoons been spent.

The officers of the club are: President, Mrs. Bourchier; vice president, Mrs. Bowers; sec.-treas., Mrs. Spratt, with a committee composed of Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Slocock, Madame Cote and Mrs. James Biggar, and a members' role including Mesdames Bourchier, Bowers, Biggar, James Biggar, Bower, Cote, Gray, Hyndman, Martin, Mowat, McDonald, Slocock, Balmer Watt, and the Misses Cameron, Tilley, Taylor, Wilson, Wheat, and Worsley, with Mr. Vernon Barford, hon. member.

Following the programme on Saturday tea was served at a charmingly arranged table, bright with golden daffodils, Mrs. Slocock who presided doing the duties in her gracious, hospitabie fashion, and looking very pretty in a handsome satin gown with dainty pink figured guimpe.

—

The same afternoon a bevy of the very young set gathered at Mrs. H. C. Wilson's residence on Sixth street, and after an hour or more spent in creating the most fascinating doll's head-gear for the doll's booth at the Hospital Fair, participated in a merry tea party with a presentation of prizes for the neatest and smartest hat creation at the close.

Such hats! Flower-laden picture models for fashionable doll ladies who affect garden parties and the like. Motor hats for Miladv Doll who has her private run-about. Ready-to-wear for just every-day smart waxen-faced beauties, and Parisian creations for those with purses long enough to afford them. If there isn't a flutter of the doll mothers's hearts when they see this stunning millinery display I'll eat the cherries on my hat. One model I saw gracing a Dicken's bust was perfectly immense. "Himself" looked very coy in the inverted bowl-shaped affair. I don't know though if he would consider it beneath his bookly dignity to pose as a "silent salesman" at the Floral Opening.

Personally I had the difficult task of making the awards and hard enough work I found it.

Quite seriously these young girls' fingers have many of them a real knack for evolving smart effects, but finally Miss Stella Harbottle's "dream" of a green velvet dress hat with coquettish coque's plumes and knotted tulle won the first award, with Miss Lyle Scott's lovely pink floral picture shape a close second. I believe already forty models are ready, boxed for the opening. Bring your doll babies every little girl and Mother, get an early choice.

—

Friday, Mrs. Harwood, Mrs. Slocock and Mrs. Osborne were the hostesses of a very enjoyable Bridge-dance at Mrs. Harwood's charming residence on Victoria Ave., when about seventy-five guests had a merry evening Bridging and tripping the light fantastic.

The dance was in aid of the hat booth at the Hospital Fair and seventy five dollars was raised as a result. Everytihng was donated, Mr Ramsay sending some beautiful flowers and plants, Mr. Silas furnishing the music gratis, Mr. Douglas the decorations, Mr. Shaw the cigars, and the Whitworth Confectionery Co. a large box of delicious chocolates. The programmes were very artistic, being in crimson tones, and painted by Mrs. Slocock.

At midnight a delicious supper was served at two tables, one up and one below stairs, and the guests only departed after Mr Silas had followed "Good night, Ladies" with "God Save the King" and "They're afraid to go home in the dark."

Among the merry throng who I was told looked particularly well were: the three hostesses, Mrs. Osborne and Mrs. Slocock in palest pink, Mrs. Harwood in stunning pale blue satin Mrs. Jack Anderson in pale blue satin and her guest Miss Macdonald also in the same becoming shade.

—

Miss Campbell of Port Hope is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henwood, for the summer. Mrs. Benson of Wetaskiwin has also been a welcome visitor to the Capital.

—

Quite a little colony of well-known people are buying lots in the Groat Estate with an object of building homes for themselves immediately. Among these are Mr. H. H. Richards whose present residence is sold, and Mr. H. N. Lane. I believe Mrs. Richards is leaving presently for a trip east to recuperate from her recent illness.

—

The Opera "Patience" is, I hear, coming on apace, and is to be presented, under the direction of Miss Jean Forsythe, in the Edmonton Opera House in aid of the Hospital, on May 18, 19, and 20th.

—

Mr and Mrs. Pardee are rejoicing in the birth of a little daughter, who arrived on Saturday.

Peggy

Nothing advertises a town like post cards. There are a number of new ones which Little's sell at 25c a dozen and pay the postage to outside points in quantities.

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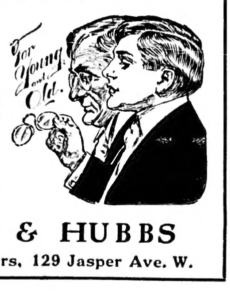

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